

DOCTOR·WHO

A DELICATE OPERATION

By SI SPENCER
Artwork JOHN ROSS
Colouring ADRIAN SALMON

HERE WE ARE
THEN, ALMOST AT
THE HEART OF
THE PROBLEM.

NOT ONE OF
YOUR BEST
JOKES, DOCTOR.

YOU *SURE*
YOU KNOW
WHERE WE'RE
GOING?

TRUST
ME, I'M A
DOCTOR.

MY GUESS
IS IT'S
THAT WAY.


GUESS?
SOME DOCTOR
YOU ARE...

DEFINITELY THIS
WAY. THIS SHOULD
BRING US OUT...

...EXACTLY
WHERE
WE WANT
TO BE.

SPEAK FOR
YOURSELF.

YOU'VE NEVER
BEEN ONE FOR A
QUIET NIGHT IN
WITH THE TELLY,
HAVE YOU?



IT'S FEEDING
OFF THE
CHAMBER WALL.

THE FIRST THING
WE'VE GOT
TO DO IS TO
DISCONNECT IT.

IS THAT ALL?
EASY-PEASY
THEN.

IT'S LIKE
TRYING TO
GET THROUGH
A CAR TYRE
WITH A TOOTH
PICK.

THERE'S
TOO MANY
OF THEM!




DOCTOR!
LOOK!



THEY'RE DISGUSTING
- WHAT ARE THEY?

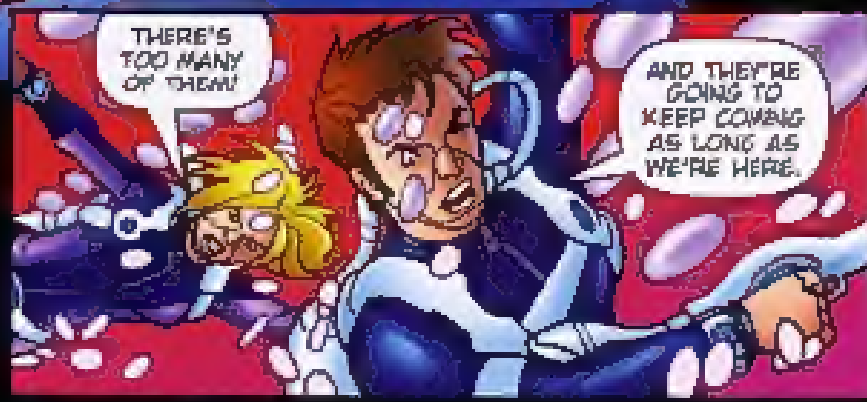
DON'T WORRY,
THEY'RE ON
OUR SIDE.

LOOKS LIKE WE'VE
KICK-STARTED THE
IMAGINE SYSTEM.



I THOUGHT YOU
SAID THEY WERE
ON OUR SIDE!

THE GROWTH MUST
BE CONFUSING THEM.
THEY THINK WE'RE THE
BAD GUYS!



AND THEY'RE
GOING TO
KEEP COMING
AS LONG AS
WE'RE HERE.



GLOOP!



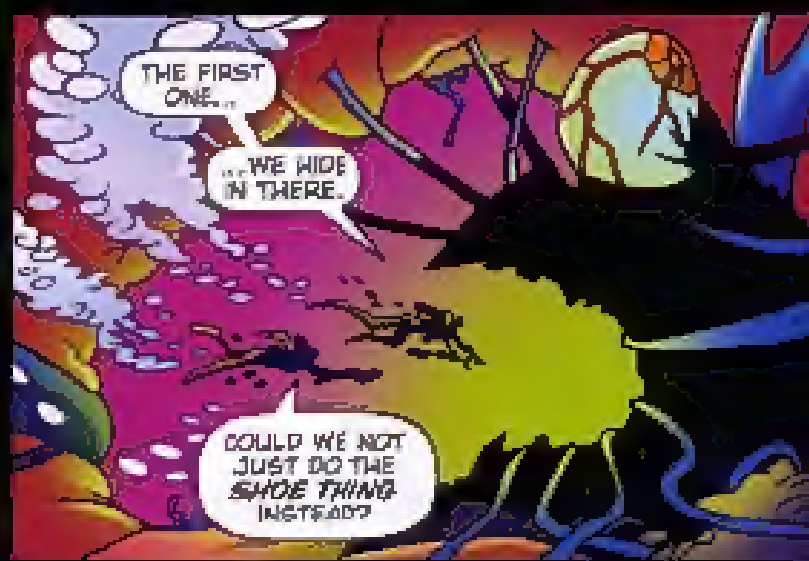
I CAN ONLY THINK OF ONE WAY OUT OF THIS.

THAT'S ONE MORE THAN I CAN.

DO YOU TRUST ME?

DEPENDS...

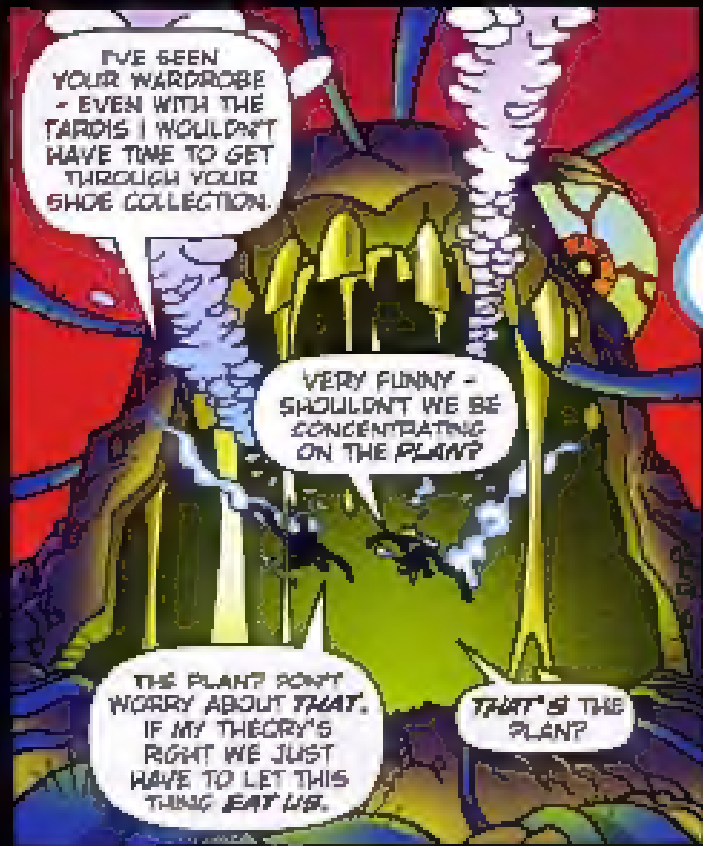
ARE WE TALKING ABOUT *SAVING OUR LIVES* OR PICKING ME OUT A PAIR OF *DECENT SHOES*?



THE FIRST ONE...

...WE HIDE IN THERE.

COULD WE NOT JUST DO THE *SHOE THING* INSTEAD?



I'VE SEEN YOUR WARDROBE - EVEN WITH THE TARDIS I WOULDN'T HAVE TIME TO GET THROUGH YOUR SHOE COLLECTION.

VERY FUNNY - SHOULDN'T WE BE CONCENTRATING ON THE PLAN?

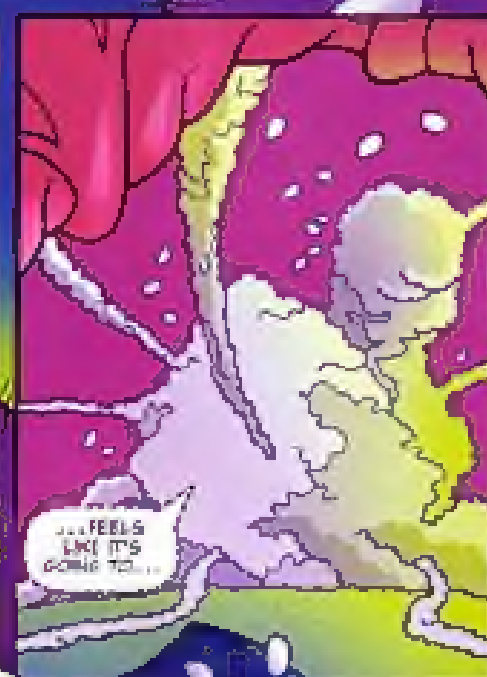
THE PLAN? DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT. IF MY THEORY'S RIGHT WE JUST HAVE TO LET THIS THING *EAT US*.

THAT'S THE PLAN?



Chok

GREAT I FEEL A WHOLE LOT BETTER NOW THE PLAN'S WORKING!



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A MIRACLE, YOUR HIGHNESS! WHATEVER THE FOREIGN ORGANISM IS, IT SEEMS TO HAVE COMPLETELY CURED THE QUEEN! THE QUEEN SVELNA IS SAVED!

BUT WHAT IS IT? SOME SORT OF MUTATION? A VIRUS?

WE'RE COMMENCING THE REMOVAL PROCESS NOW, YOUR HIGHNESS.

YOU WILL BE ABLE TO EXAMINE THE MICRO-ORGANISM YOURSELF SHORTLY.

INCREDIBLE! IT'S ALMOST SVELNOD! AND SENTIENT!

LATER, WHEN THE QUEEN HAS RECOVERED...



WELL I AM
A DOCTOR...
THE DOCTOR,
ACTUALLY.

I'M GUESSING THIS
MEANS YOU'LL BE WELL
ENOUGH TO SIGN THE
INTER-GALACTIC PEACE
TREATY NOW AND HEAD
OFF A COUPLE OF
CENTURIES OF PRETTY
POINTLESS WAR?

YOU KNOW
OF THE
TREATY?

I KNOW YOU'RE
THE ONLY
ONE SMART
ENOUGH TO
MAKE IT WORK.

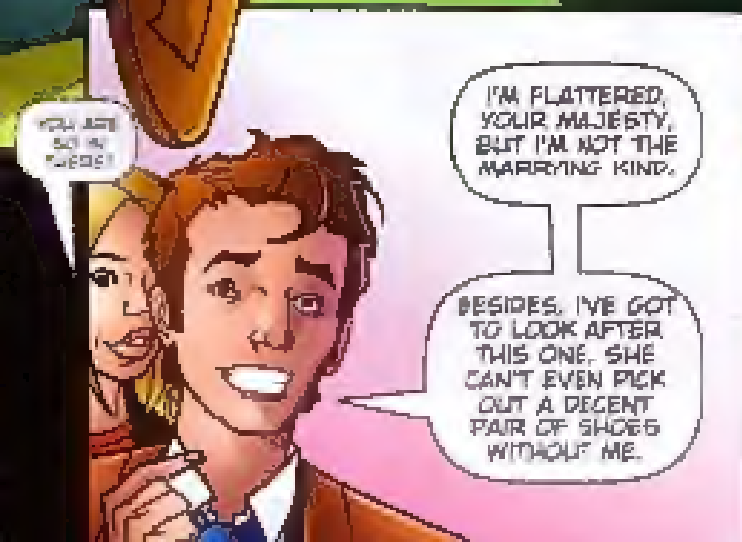
WHY DOCTOR,
FIRST YOU
SAVE MY LIFE,
NOW SUCH
FLATTERY...

THE THRONE IS
NEED OF A ROYAL
CONSORT. SOMEONE
TO RULE BY MY
SIDE...

SOMEONE
NOBLE, WISE AND
COURAGEOUS,
SOMEONE WITH AN
ELEGANCE OF DRESS
AND DEAMEANOUR...



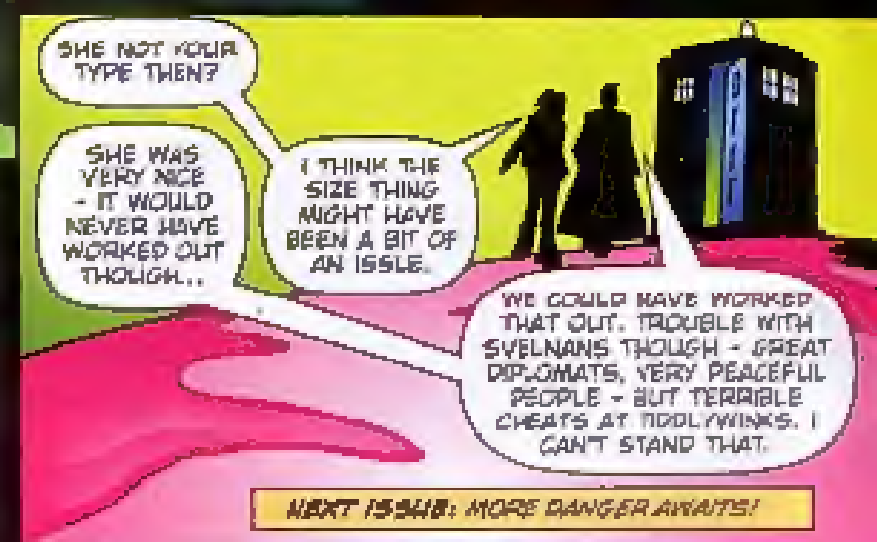
STRANGERS, THE
HOUSE OF SVELNA
OWES YOU A GREAT
DEBT OF THANKS.
YOU HAVE SAVED
ME. THEIR QUEEN
FROM AN ILLNESS MY
SURGEONS BELIEVED
INCURABLE.



YOU ARE
SO IN
TWEED!

I'M FLATTERED,
YOUR MAJESTY,
BUT I'M NOT THE
MARRYING KIND.

BESIDES, I'VE GOT
TO LOOK AFTER
THIS ONE. SHE
CAN'T EVEN PICK
OUT A DECENT
PAIR OF SHOES
WITHOUT ME.



SHE NOT YOUR
TYPE THEN?

SHE WAS
VERY NICE
- IT WOULD
NEVER HAVE
WORKED OUT
THOUGH...

I THINK THE
SIZE THING
MIGHT HAVE
BEEN A BIT OF
AN ISSUE.

WE COULD HAVE WORKED
THAT OUT. TROUBLE WITH
SVELNANS THOUGH - GREAT
DIPLOMATS, VERY PEACEFUL
PEOPLE - BUT TERRIBLE
CHEATS AT NODDYWINKS. I
CAN'T STAND THAT.

NEXT ISSUE: MORE DANGER AWAITS!